Blood In Their Spit

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Blood In Their Spit

by MintyEcco

Summary

Two instances, one year apart, where the murderous Hannibal Lecter gives Will Graham his heart, and Will's vastly differing reactions to this action.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

As the sterile walls consume all in his sight Hannibal sits in the middle of his vacant yet extravagant cell.

He'd had his fun and it had come at a cost, but he didn't regret it.

Blood had been shed with his help and if that was all he could do for now then so be it.

Better than the dull existence Alana Bloom seemed certain on providing him.

At least until he gave her a fraction of his soul so she could sell it to the masses.

Not like she needed the money at this point. He'd done her the service of ensuring she and Margot got the wealth they deserved, and a child to boot.

Yet he indulged in the blood once and he is stripped of everything except the room itself.

Anyone else would have gone mad.

And maybe he had.

As footsteps begin to approach he indulges in a quick smile as he stands up and approaches the pane of glass keeping him from his freedom. Will Graham opening the door not long after and promptly coming into full view.

A large bag at his side as he wears his most put out expression yet.

Perfect for Hannibal to find enjoyment in.

"I think there's an argument to be made that you're a few days late, Will." Hannibal chides from behind the glass.

His eyes gliding over Will's figure trying to appear composed when all he wanted to do was greedily take this man in. Savoring the feeling of having him nearby, and let no one else have him.

But his eyes stayed smooth and cool. Never betraying his inner need for Will.

He'd already let him see that much of him, and he'd been rejected.

"Yeah, well I wasn't sure if I should considering what I found on my porch step the other day." Will spits back, his own eyes looking over Hannibal but in a far more suspicious manner.

Any feelings of longing that may have been contained within him at one time were long since buried.

If they weren't, well he doubted that anyone would want him in here.

He certainly seemed to have a knack for getting the mad cannibal out of sticky situations. Even if they would go in his favor if he happened to die. He always had to make sure that Hannibal Lecter would make it out in the end.

To the dismay of many.

“Did you not take it straight to Jack? How very odd considering your return to your *beloved* profession.” Hannibal mocks, his usual sterile tone coming off harsher than he would usually be willing to show.

But his heart always seemed to bare itself when Will Graham became involved, no matter how hard Hannibal tried not to.

It was a weakness of his that easily drew the ire of those scrutinizing him, and those wishing to exploit him.

After all, to understand Hannibal the Cannibal is to begin to understand his murder husband, Will Graham.

Though that title hadn’t been used for three years now.

At least not until Freddie had published her story about Will’s visit.

‘Husbands reunited at last,’ bore in bolded lettering across the TattleCrime page.

Not a great look all things considered.

“Jack is dealing with the Red Dragon, I doubt he’d be keen on going on another goose chase to explain how you got this,” Will pulls a large glass cup from his bag and holds it aloft for the former doctor to see, “To my house.”

“I still have friends on the outside, Will. You’d be surprised how easy it can be to pull a few strings to get a gift dropped off.” His eyes sneer at the man standing before him. Holding a symbol of the very thing that he had tossed aside in favor of the dull domestic hell he found himself in now.

Content to fill his days with family and dogs.

Everything that Hannibal had once offered to him as well, just oozing with visera that all human life will return to eventually.

“Well I’m sure Alana will *love* to learn that.” Will rolls his eyes as he puts the heart back. His eyes linger on it briefly as he considers again the implications of it being left for him.

A reminder of the creation that had been made for him in Venice, and what he kept trying to deny.

“Can’t it be our little secret? Something in return for all the favors I’ve been doing for you perhaps?”

“Favors!” Will asks, baffled by that sudden jump in logic. “Your *favors* are the high quality treatment Alana has been affording for you!”

Hannibal turns halfway around, eyes glancing over the empty walls and lack of a toilet, “Yes, certainly the height of luxury she has provided.”

“You know what I mean.” Will huffs, crossing his arms as if trying to protect himself from the horrors before him.

His wife had already been harmed by Hannibal's actions and then he sends him something like *this* to reassert his power.

But he still wanted to know something about it.

“I want to know why.” He coldly states, attempting to swivel the conversation back onto the singular topic he was here to discuss. He’d been told not to dodel though that wasn’t quite possible when you had to always be playing mind games with this cannibal.

“What makes you think I’d be willing to give you that comfort?”

“I’m not asking for comfort. I’m asking for understanding.”

“And with understanding comes comfort. A way to know that it won’t happen again because time has passed by the very reason it was left behind for your wife to find.”

Will glares at Hannibal instinctively at that, yet the cannibalistic doctor had already bestowed a piece of knowledge to him.

It had been meant for Molly.

“Why would you leave it for *her*?”

Hannibal breaks out into a full on delighted grin, making Will’s skin crawl with the horror of what he was witnessing.

“A reminder for what she needs to realize.” The tone he uses comes off as oddly reassuring, though it only makes Will’s guts twist up in fear about what else may be hiding in any nook of his house.

Fingers?

Toes?

Kidneys?

Intestines?

Brains?

However, a heart did seem more Hannibal’s style.

The man had an obsession with symbolism, after all.

“She doesn’t need to realize anything.” Will growls, turning around to storm out of the hospital in a fit of rage and fear.

He couldn’t take the threats towards his family anymore. He needed to get home.

“Until next time then?” Hannibal cries out after him. A smile still on his face, though fading fast as his footsteps get farther and farther away.

At least he knew his gift had arrived.

It would have been better if he’d cared enough to show up on the day it’d been delivered.

That would have been thoughtful of him. Possibly even reassuring in how he must truly feel underneath that venier of domesticity.

Turning back around back to the center of the room and sits back down.

The footsteps now fully gone he sighs, still finding a perverse enjoyment at the sight of Will holding that heart yet unfulfilled by it at the same time.

Maybe the symbolism didn’t hold up as much as he’d hoped or Will delaying his arrival until a week later took all the power out of it, but all Hannibal could feel now was a hollow sense of longing.

The very think he thought he could fix was only eating him from the inside out twice as fast.

And there was no clear way out.

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“You know pettiness doesn’t suit you.” Will huffs, tossing the heart in a glass jar onto the bed.

Hannibal was laid out perusing the pages of whatever book he could get his hand on before the exchange. Better to look nonplussed about the display of affection than immediately cave to Will’s questioning.

“Though it certainly seems to be one of the few things you find joy in.”

Now that accusation certainly got his attention, his eyes dart up from the dull pages to his perturbed partner in crime.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about, mon amor.” He states as calmly as possible, not even bothering to give acknowledgment to the capsule that had rolled next to his arm now.

Crossing his arms Will lets out an even more annoyed huff. “You know exactly what I mean. You’re just taking another victory lap at this point, and that doesn’t flatter you, Hannibal.”

“There is no need for a ‘victory lap’ as you put it when there is no one to taunt about said victory.”

Snatching the heart back up Will opts to now shove it in Hannibal’s face to get his point across, “Yet I stand here before you with a heart in my hand that is practically screaming ‘I told you so.’”

Now it was Hannibal’s turn to look perturbed, his eyes gliding up from his book to start at the still bleeding heart in front of him. “And if it were saying ‘I told you so’ would that be so bad? It is still a gift, isn’t it?”

“It may be, but it’s a gift born of the wrong reasons.”

“You dislike Valentine’s Day so much, Will, that you would attribute it to the wrong reasons?” A smirk appears on his lips as he sweetly questions Will’s inane logic. Taking far too much joy in Will’s dismay over the reference to the previous year’s proceedings.

Rolling his eyes, Will plops down next to Hannibal with an annoyed sigh, “I know your reasoning better than anyone ever could, Hannibal, so I can say with certainty that this was done to rub my face in my mistakes.”

“I would never! Not on such a momentous day, mon amie!”

“It’s the day **after**!” Will half yells half laughs, “I found it the day after! Why are you still acting like it's Valentine’s Day?”

Carefully placing his book on the bedside table Hannibal delicately reaches out and places his hand on top of the glass jar. His fingers brush against Will’s as he states, “Time and days have no place with us here, mon amie, we shape the world we want to see now.”

“And if you say it’s Valentine’s Day?”

“It *is* Valentine’s Day.” Hannibal states as though it were as a fact itself.

Will stares at him in utter befuddlement for sometime before letting out a small chuckle, shaking his head in disbelief.

“I still have ways of surprising you, don’t I, Will?”

“Yeah, yeah, you don’t.” He says smiling, using his free hand to pull Hannibal closer until their lips meet.

A sweet sympathetic kiss showing his true appreciation for the original thought behind this idea. However, he bites down mid kiss so that Hannibal's blood flows freely into his mouth, but he does not pull away. Welcoming the action as though it were always destined to happen. Before he too bites down on Will's lower lip and their blood mixes together until neither of them can tell which is which.

The two forming into one as the heart dully falls onto the hard wood floor with a plunk.

Any thoughts of annoyance or malice lost in the ability to feel the other's body so close. What once was meant as a general statement of claim now morphing into a reminder of genuine affection and love.

Laying there as a reminder of what they had become, and what they would now forever be to one another.

A grotesquely sweet act made for two abhorrently sweet killers.

A heart in a jar was just like Hannibal, after all.

An image of the human body put out display for all to see.

A perfect encapsulation of the Chesapeake Ripper and his permanent confidant. His Murder Husband. And for that it was appreciated.

Will *had* chosen him over the rest of the world, after all.

Every piece of his life cast aside for the preverbal beating heart at the center of Hannibal Lecter.

Maybe someday he'd grow to regret it, memories of the joy Molly had once brought him were not foreign to him once night time hit, but for now he belonged heart and soul to the murderous cannibal who called him mon amie.

And come hell or high water Will was going to be there with him.

Blood, guts, and all.

End Notes

I know this is literally over a week late but I wrote it into the story for that very reason! I started this and wasn't going to let it go until it was done!

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